The MAJOR

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DECEMBER.

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THE MAJOR

VOL. III. SAGINAW, MICH., DECEMBER, 1900. No. 26

THE GARDEN OF THE MONKS.

THE MAJOR

A magazine for all grades of Banjo, Mandolin Guitar and Violin players.

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Notes, music, literary contributions and half-tones accepted for publication. Our pages open to all advertisers at very reasonable rates.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

It almost is Christmas.
We hardly can wait to
hang up the stockings
alongside the grate. A
bustle and sparkle per-
vades all around; the fir
trees are cut and there's
snow on the ground. The
children's excited and
thrilled with delight; are
dreaming of Santa Claus
all through the night.
They wake up and listen
to sounds on the roof,
which is to their fancies
a reindeer's wee hoof.
The old folks, more eager
than even the tots, are
burning with secrets
and brimming with
plots. Mince pies in
the pantry delicious
and sweet, of moth-
er's own making
are ready to eat.
It almost is
Christmas; St.
Nick in his
sleigh, all load-
ed with treas-
ures, is coming
this way. His
reindeers are fly-
ing; a day or two
more and down
through the chimney
he'll bound to the floor.
And then if the stockings
are not in their place, in sorrow
he'll vanish and not leave a trace.
So hang up the stockings by chimneys
with care; the night before Christmas,
St. Nick will be there. He'll come
while you sleep, but never mind
that; for always you'll miss
him, the sly old rat.

May you get many presents this Christmas, but give more.

A Merry Christmas.

Hark! throughout Christendom joyous bells are ringing;
From mountain and valley, o'er land and o'er sea;
Sweet choral melodies pealing and thrilling,
Echoes of ages from far Galilee.
Christmas is here, Merry old Christmas,
Gift-bearing, heart-touching, joy-bringing Christmas,
Day of grand memories, king of the year!

The Christmas chimes are pealing, softly pealing, the joyous sounds are ringing, ever louder and clearer, ever nearer and nearer, like a sweet-toned benediction falling on the ear. Glad ringers are pulling the ropes, and in one grand swell of melody Christmas, with its old yet ever new and marvelous mysteries, bursts triumphantly upon the world once more.

Christmas has always been a season of charity as well as good cheer. It is a season of happiness, not merely in the sense of self-indulgence, but in that broader and nobler sense of gratification derived from adding to the happiness of others. The flavor of a good dinner is all the better for the consciousness that you have helped to provide a good dinner for some deserving family, who would otherwise have gone hungry. On the other hand, the knowledge that others are suffering whom we might have relieved, without wronging those who have a nearer claim upon our resources, cannot fail to detract in some degree from the complete enjoyment of the glorious Yuletide. Let everyone, who can assist, give help within the range of his ability, and the suffering will be greatly alleviated, while he who gives the assistance will be all the happier.

Christmas teaches a lesson of hope as well as of charity. The message of "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men" has come ringing down the ages. It is a message as potent for good today as when uttered nearly two thousand years ago; and as it carried wondrous peace and consolation to the humble stable in Bethlehem, so it bears its assurance of hope and confidence now to every dwelling, however dreary, to every cot, although it be hardly better than the manger in which the Christ child was laid. *A Merry Christmas*—A MERRY CHRISTMAS—*to all!*

"Ladies and gintlemen," said an Irish concert-manager to an audience of three, "as there is no-wan here, Oi'll dismiss yez all now. The performance of tonight will not take place, but if yez care to come again tomorrow avening, Oi shall see thot it is repeated."

MR. D. ELDRED WOOD AND HIS IMPERIAL BANJO ORCHESTRA.

On the 22d of November the Knights of Pythias of Kalamazoo, Mich., gave their much-advertised local minstrel show. An "unknown quantity" number on the program was the first public appearance of the Imperial Banjo Orchestra, of seven pieces—a new organization in that city, under the personal direction of Mr. D. Eldred Wood, the well known banjoist and teacher.

In opening the olio with a selection by this orchestra, the entertainment management made no mistake, as was shown by the ovation given the club at the close of both its rendered numbers. The orchestra at once captured the hearts of the audience, and it was an evening of intense musical enjoyment to every one present.

The following extract, taken from the columns of the Kalamazoo *Gazette-News*, in speaking of Mr. Wood, says:

"D. Eldred Wood then played his own arrangement of "The Old Folks at Home" on the banjo and did it so artistically that the audience wanted "more, please," so he gave them "The Grand Imperial March." The banjo in his hands is converted into an instrument that gives forth unusual and most delicious melody."

The Imperial Banjo Orchestra is the first one of its kind ever organized in Kalamazoo, and is the culmination of several years of hard work on the part of its director in bringing out new material along this line, and organizing a club for the advancement of the banjo. He is a thorough lover of that instrument, and the orchestra will soon be playing some excellent numbers composed and arranged by its hard working director.

The banjo has always been a "dead one" in Kalamazoo, but for the last ten years Mr. Wood has been diligently at work in a quiet way, doing the best he could to engraft into the hearts of the people the fact that there is music in the banjo when well played. He took up his early work under Prof. McLouth, now of Grand Rapids, and studied under this professor until he went to that city. Since then Mr. Wood has made Farland's system of fingering a special study, and feels that at last he has made an initiatory step toward giving life to the banjo in Kalamazoo. At present, he has in his repertoire the following arrangements by Farland: "Gypsy Rondo," "Serenade–Schubert," "Wiegenlied–Hauser," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Popper's Gavotte," "Dandy Fifth" and others.

Mr. Wood has also arranged "The Old Folks at Home" and "The Old Oaken Bucket," having played the former for the past two seasons with gratifying success, the audience not infrequently calling for this number especially. Another one of his easy numbers, "Innocence Waltzes," was recently published in THE MAJOR, and the sale of this number has been up to the average. This gentleman has several other compositions which he expects to have published in the near future, and believes that the banjo will be the instrument of the future.

On another page we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers a photographic likeness of Mr. Wood.

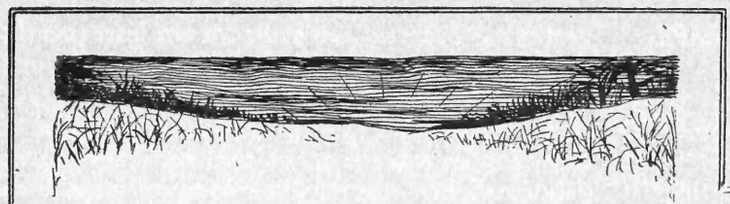
SOME BRILLIANT ARTISTS.

Charles L. Young, manager of distinguished artists and concert tours, is keeping his office force, as well as his representatives on the road, extremely busy. One of the most popular artists is M Jean Gerardy, who arrived on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. Gerardy filled twenty-seven engagements this season in Russia and Germany before sailing for New York. The mere mention of the name Gerardy is sufficient to arouse the intense interest of all lovers of high class music. An international reputation of the highest merit belongs to this favorite virtuoso. When he made his American debut five years ago, his marvelous playing, the broad, full tones and wonderful execution captivated all audiences. The mature artist will, without doubt, create a furore, as recent foreign criticisms highly eulogize his brilliant and artistic achievements. A number of solo engagements will be filled by Gerardy outside of New York. When Ivan Donoiewski, the great Russian violinist, arrives, these artists will be heard at Carnegie Hall on January 8, 1901.

Ivan Donoiewski, the "Russian Paganini," at nine years of age played the violin with marvelous skill. His early study was with his brother, a noted teacher. He entered the Royal Academy and when twelve years of age his father placed him under Schradied, the eminent author and violinist. "Spohr's Dramatic Concerto," and works of equal difficulty were executed by Donoiewski when fifteen years old, on the concert stage. He now plays a beautiful Stradivarius presented him by a London admirer.—*Music Trade Review.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to the opening of more promising fields for his labors than afforded him through the present policy of the publishers of THE MAJOR, Mr. Fraser severs his connection, as the journal's editor, with this issue. He personally thanks all who have extended to him their encouragement, and regrets exceedingly that he must say *adieu.*



A PIONEER CHRISTMAS.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

(Copyrighted by the Curtis Pub. Co. and reprinted through courtesy of the Ladies' Home Journal.)

THE first Christmas that I seem to remember fully has a wonderful quality to me. Like a picture by Rembrandt, it has but one side defined; the other melts away into shadow—luminous shadow, where faint light pulses across and lures the wistful gaze on and on into the unfathomable, where beginnings lie hidden.

The first I recall of my first Christmas I am riding behind my parents in a huge sleigh, amid high snow-drifts, sculptured into strange forms. It is growing dusk. Before us in a similar sleigh my uncle, a giant in size, is leading the way. I can see him outlined against the dull, orange sky. He stands erect, holding the reins of his swiftly-moving horses in one of his powerful hands; occasionally he shouts back to my father, who is buried in a thick buffalo-skin coat. My mother is only another figure wrapped in shawls.

My sister and brother are beside me under the blankets on the straw. My brother is asleep, but I am on my knees looking ahead. I see now my uncle silhouetted on the dull, orange notch between two deep purple banks of trees. That is the place where the road pierces the woods. Suddenly, with rush of wind and jingle of bells, we enter the darkness of the forest, and the road begins to climb.

I cannot remember much after that; I suppose I grew sleepy. I have a dim memory of climbing hills, of the squall of sleigh-runners over bridges, and of the gurgle of ice-bound water, but it is all fused with dreams.

I was roused at last by the vigorous touch of my uncle and his hearty voice: "Wake up an' pay y'r lodgin'." I looked up and saw father standing beside the sleigh. I saw the dark branches of trees overhead, and heard the sound of many voices from the warmly-lighted little cabin's open door.

I bundled out, heavy with cold and sleep. As I stood there my uncle reached up his arms to take my mother down, not knowing of the rheumatism in her wrists. She gave a sharp scream, and my uncle's team started away on a swift run round the curve of the road toward the gate.

I stood like one in a dream, seeing the flying team and the wonderful race of my uncle toward the gate to intercept the runaways. He ran silently, with magnificent action, his head thrown up. As the team dashed through the gate his left hand caught the end board, and then I saw nothing further of the runaway.

We went into the house. It was a little house with two main rooms, the kitchen and the sitting-room. In the sitting-room was an open fireplace, the first I had ever seen—a wonder and a delight.

The women folks talked and laughed, creating an atmosphere of good cheer. The children were put to warm before the fire, where grandfather sat, a reticent and smiling old man of great size.

I suppose the room was poor enough, but I did not see that in the glow of that open fireplace. I heard my young and pretty Aunt Rebecca out in the kitchen opening oyster-cans—a great treat were oysters to us—and Aunt Deborah brought us in a handful of wonderful little crackers.

Mother sat out in the kitchen near the table and visited with my aunts while they worked. Soon father came "stomping" in with his hearty voice dominating the laughter of the women.

"Got anything good to eat?"

"Not unless you brought it," replied my saucy Aunt Deborah.

"Well, I guess I'll go home again. What's the use o' goin' visitin' unless you git somethin' better'n common?"

The women asked about the runaway, but father knew as little as they about it. At last my Uncle David came in.

"Did you stop 'em?" everybody asked,

"You bet," he replied in his laconic way. "How's them oysters? I'm holler as a beech log."

The fragrance of the oyster soup wakened me more than the loud, hearty talk, and when we drew round the table in the little lean-to kitchen every face shone with the light of Christmas. The big pan of oyster soup (which we had only

two or three times a year) and the paper bag of crackers formed the entire meal. It was an oyster supper in full of the term.

Slowly, one by one, the company drew back, and a subdued jollity succeeded as all went back to the sitting-room. There among the women, a few patterns were shown and exchanged, while the men told stories of logging and hunting, and bears and wolves and Indians.

The children listened with scared and fascinated souls, till at last father (who couldn't whistle a tune, but who never got enough of music) called out in his peremptory way:

square dance. One of my aunts came skipping across the room to where father sat. There was saucy daring in her attitude.

"Come on, old man!" she said. The war had made my father bent and stiff before his time, but he sprang up.

"I don't take no such stump as that," he shouted. The rest laughed, and Uncle Frank drew a broom-stick along the floor making hideous howls. Uncle David played on absorbedly, while we children shrieked with delight to see father bow and scrape and dance all sorts of double-shuffles and single-shuffles and negro break-downs. Mother

"We shrieked with delight to see father bow and scrape and dance."

"Come, get that fiddle out, Dave. Deb, open up that melodeon."

Ah! that was the best part of it all—the music. It made Christmas worth while. It was sweeter than the oyster soup.

Uncle David played—old dance tunes that have passed from fiddler to fiddler until they have become veritable folk-songs. Then they all sang while he twanged the fiddle like a guitar, as an accompaniment. Aunt Deborah and mother sang "Nellie Wildwood," and "Belle Mahone," and "The Drummer Boy," and then father demanded all the old war songs—"Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and "The Day of Jubilee."

Tired of singing at last, Uncle David struck into "Honest John" or some other old-fashioned

joined in, too, and it seemed very wonderful to us. Grandfather smiled and patted his knees in time to the music.

"Oh, I'm too old!" shouted father as he dropped back into a chair, and the gale of fun ended as quickly as it had begun. Laughing and breathing hard they all took seats and fell into silence, facing the fire, and Uncle David, his soul mellowed and subdued, played wild, strange tunes he had picked up somewhere without instruction —almost without repetition—strange sweet and weird to me, worth infinitely more than Christmas presents. Love songs some of them were, full of sombre, longing inflections, which I could dimly feel, but could not understand.

He played "Maggie, Air You Sleepin'?" and the wind outside went to my soul. Voices cried

to me out of the cold and illimitable hill-land forests—voices that pleaded and wept:

"Oh, let me in, for loud the linn
Goes roarin' o'er the moorland craggy."

My uncle's handsome face grew sad, somehow, in the midst of happiness. He forgot his young wife and his sisters; his eyes looked away into storms; the future seemed to menace him.

He stopped abruptly, and put the violin in its box as if to hide his emotion.

My father broke the silence with an abrupt sigh.

"Well, well! Look here, 'ts time you youngsters climbed the stairs. Becky, where do these fellers go?"

Aunt Rebecca looked at us reflectively. "Well, now, I don't know. I guess we'll need to make a bed here on the floor."

"Goody!" cried my brother, "then we'll see Santa Claus."

The older people looked at each other and smiled. With the indifferent air of one who has a perfect understanding of it all, I scorned to be so silly.

"Mighty little you'll see of Santa Claus this night," said my aunt. "He can't get down here such a night as this."

For once in my life I was to be able to hang my stocking before a fireplace, and it revived my waning enthusiasm. Mother, with her abounding drollery, hung up the big stocking which went over her shoes. Everybody laughed at everybody's joke, and soon everything was arranged for the night.

I felt the illimitable presence of the Wisconsin forests to the north. To my child-mind this cabin was like a ship set in gray seas would seem to me now. All I knew of the world was in the tales my father told. The road we had come ran back a slender and desolate track, back to our home *coulée*—I could not tell the direction of it. Then my mind came back in a strange way to a visit I had made somewhere to a dark, swift stream which ran under a little bridge. There was a mysterious bag moored there by a rope, and it suggested bags of gold and robbers someway. It swung to and fro with a wild motion. It grew dusk as I looked, and the wind grew cold and I ran away as fast as possible, and—then my eyes came open and I realized I had been dreaming in the first stages of sleep.

I could hear the women laughing and moving about, and I lost my shiver of fear very soon. I heard the rattle of paper bags and parcels. I knew it was my duty to go to sleep, but I couldn't compose myself to it.

People slept close together in those days. Making a bed on the floor was too common to call for comment. The men gave up the beds to the women and went noisily up-stairs to camp down on the floor of the low chamber. There was no fear of ventilation up-stairs or down. The wind drove the cold under the door, and along the floor the frost crept.

I lay facing the fireplace, after all had become still, hearing the trees soughing outside, hearing the sad wail of a cat at the barn and watching the fire die away—but when the deep sleep of childhood came upon me I forgot Santa Claus and the stocking.

I woke in the early light to hear Uncle David building the fire, and then came my brother's outcries and the hurly-burly of good cheer and hearty greeting from old and young. Mother's big stocking was overflowing with potatoes and wads of paper, with some little present far down at the toe. Everybody had something, if it were nothing more than an old door-knob or a doughnut.

The children had tin horses and tin soldiers, and monkeys on sticks (poor pathetic little toys these), and best of all, candy—wonderful candies of all conceivable sorts! The war had made candies an almost unobtainable luxury—but Christmas would be empty and a hollow mockery without candy and nuts ("boughten nuts," not hazelnuts and hickory-nuts, of which we had plenty, but the other strange kinds).

"He put the violin in its box as if to hide his emotion."

The hurly-burly lasted till breakfast was called, and everybody who could find place sat around and attacked the venison and potatoes which formed the meal.

The forenoon passed quickly with sleigh-rides with Uncle David, with games with the tin horses, and the dinner came for which the youngsters had little appetite. Turkey bowed humbly before candy. I do not seem to remember leave-taking, or the ride homeward. I remember only the desolate cold of the kitchen at home, into which we tramped and sat in our wraps until the fire began to roar in its iron cage.

Oh, winds of the winter night! Oh, fire-light and the shine of tender eyes! How far away you seem to-night, so faint and far, each dear face shineth as a star.

Oh, uncle by the Western sea beyond the reach of Christmas snow, does not your heart hunger like mine to-night, for that Christmas eve among the trees—for the shine of undimned eyes, for the hair untouched by gray, for the quaint, great figure seated in sombre reverie beside the fire?

It all lies in the unchanging land of the past. Its charm, its strange dominion cannot be felt again, except in reminiscent dream. No money, no railway train can take us back to it. Its power was the mystical union of youth, fire-light, great forests, music and the voice of moaning winds. A union which can never come again to you or me, father, mother, brother, any more than the prairies can return again, unscarred by spade and plough.

MUSIC OF THE GUITAR.

"I have heard fine performers on the guitar, chiefly in the cities of Southern California," says a Mexican writer, "and have always insisted that for exquisite beauty of tone the guitar has no superior. It may not possess the passionate human cry of the violin, but it has a tender pleading that is every bit as human. You will seldom here it. I suppose one reason is that the guitar has fallen from favor. It has been relegated with a few exceptions to the pueblo, where the players touch it with a sure but somewhat uncouth hand. The very people who could and would play the guitar delightfully have devoted themselves to other instruments. I consider the piano has really superseded the guitar, and have a grudge against that instrument in comsequence. As we hear the guitar nowadays, it is usually twanged. I have heard it purl some half dozen times, but for years I have not heard it sob until yesterday. It sang and laughed, too, in gay danzas and marches, but in Chopin's music in the tender airs of "Traviata," and in the young player's own compositions, it made you think of soft, plaintive weeping. He played the Liszt Rhapsody wonderfully, with such a fullness of melody you forgot that there was but one guitar. It was more like a distant orchestra. In Mexico's national hymn you heard first the bugle call, then the drums, and then it was a military band passing in the street. We sat spellbound, that is, we older ones; as for some of those boys, I was afraid they would lose an arm or a leg in their rapturous contortions. A Mexican youth expresses his joy or sorrow, as the case may be, and I know he feels better for it."

WITH BABY EYES.

BY CHELSEA CURTIS FRASER.

Isn't Dod an artist, mamma,
To paint the sky so blue?
I'd like to see Him at His work—
Oh! mamma, wouldn't you?
I wish that I could see Him mix
The lovely rainbow dyes—
But don't you think the blue's the same
He put in papa's eyes?

And are His brushes, mamma, dear,
The little sunbeams bright?
When they's all wored out and He throws 'em down,
Do we catch 'em as they light?
Where did Dod get His lovely paints
To color the flowers clear through?—
There's red and yellow, brown and pink,
And lots of others, too.

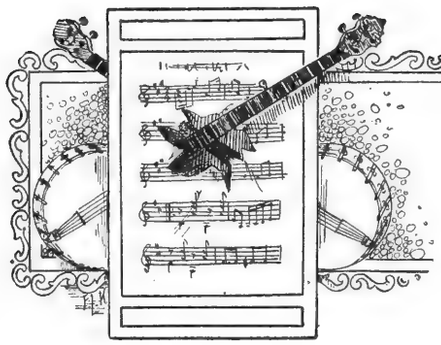
And the pretty birds we see, mamma,
With many colored wings;
Is they Dod's precious works of art,
As well as other things?
And don't you think the little stars,
That twinkle so in the dark,
Must surely be baby angels' eyes,
Whose laughing makes 'em spark?

And now I'm sleepy, mamma, dear;
Do you s'pose it would be right,
To let the baby angels pray for me,
So Dod would keep me tight?
They's closing up my eyes right now,
The baby angels iss;
I'm awfully sleepy—dood-night, dear mamma;
Here's a little kiss.

* * * * * * *

I took my darling in my arms—
Her little day was done—
Her head upon my shoulder sank,
Just like a setting sun.
Oh, my little one, may you ever see
God's beauties with baby eyes;
May His great, strong finger forever point
To His sweetest, bluest skies!

In this issue of THE MAJOR we are presenting some excellent music by N. Paganini and C. W. F. Jansen.



TONE GRADATION.

BY J. F.

IT has been often remarked that there is a tendency now-a-days, in stage playing especially, to sacrifice expression to execution. Execution alone can command admiration, as for a clever piece of workmanship, but no deeper feeling. Expression in music stands for the individual interpretation. If we elimate expression from playing, no matter how technically faultless, we are reduced to mere mechanical effect, and as far as this is concerned, one might as well be listening to a purely automatic performance. It is this question of expression alone which will effectually prevent automatic music from ever usurping the place of the living player. It can never have the appeal to us of individual interpretation.

It is among banjo players in particular that we find this fault most in evidence, and generally among younger players. It is a fault, however, which experience, and increased attention to detail, will go a long way to cure. I would urge upon students to make a study of the tone quality of each string. They vary essentially. Strike the octave string G, and then the same G on the first, second, third and fourth strings in rotation, on the fifth, eighth, twelfth and nineteenth frets. You will have exactly the same note, but the quality of tone is in each case different. Upon this difference depend some of the most beautiful effects characteristic of the instrument. Writers for the banjo recognize this so far as to mark bass string solos, and occasional notes on the third string, but here their attention ends. The bass is perhaps the most characteristic string on the banjo; we have nothing exactly resembling it in tone upon any other instrument. Notes upon the first string are clear, sharp and staccato. Upon the third string they are softer in effect and more sustained, and they retain this quality even upon the higher positions. In tremolo passages especially this difference is evident. An accomplished tremolo upon the second and third strings is one of the most beautiful effects possible to the instrument. Farland makes exquisite use of this in his rendition of Hauser's "Cradle Song." Some of Eno's lighter compositions show a curious and wonderfully effective use of the octave string, as in the trio of "Hot Corn," and counter-melody on the third and second strings enter prominently into many of Parke Hunter's best compositions.

Students are apt to cavil at the written fingering for certain passages without taking the trouble to understand their intent, which relates nearly always to quality of tone. It is easier to take a certain note on the first string than on the second, say, and so they play it there, regardless of the fact that they are possibly ruining thereby the effect intended by the composer, who it is safe to assume knows his instrument better than they do. In fact, judging by occasional remarks made by pupils, they seem rather to regard the fingering in banjo compositions—when they regard it at all—as purely arbitrary and placed there to satisfy a passing caprice of the composer; nothing at all of consequence. I had in mind, however, in commencing this article, more the advanced student than the beginner. I advocate very strongly single string exercises; and above all a careful study of the relative tonal quality of each string. This kind of study comes in the ordinary course of violin instruction; there is every reason why teachers of the banjo should make more a point of it than they do at present. It is a thing, however, which the student can with very great benefit work for himself. Mastery of an instrument implies a comprehensive knowledge of its capabilities, and this can only be attained by study. A certain latitude is allowed in the rendering of a composition; no two persons play the same piece alike. Were it so, music would lose its chief value in individual expression.

In the capabilities of the modern banjo there remains yet a big field for study. As regards the existing system of fingering, this is especially true.

As performers find it worth their while to make a more detailed study of the strings of the instrument, so is it probable that the banjo solos of the future will be written with a view to bringing their individual qualities of tone into effective use.—*The Banjo.*

THE SOLO.

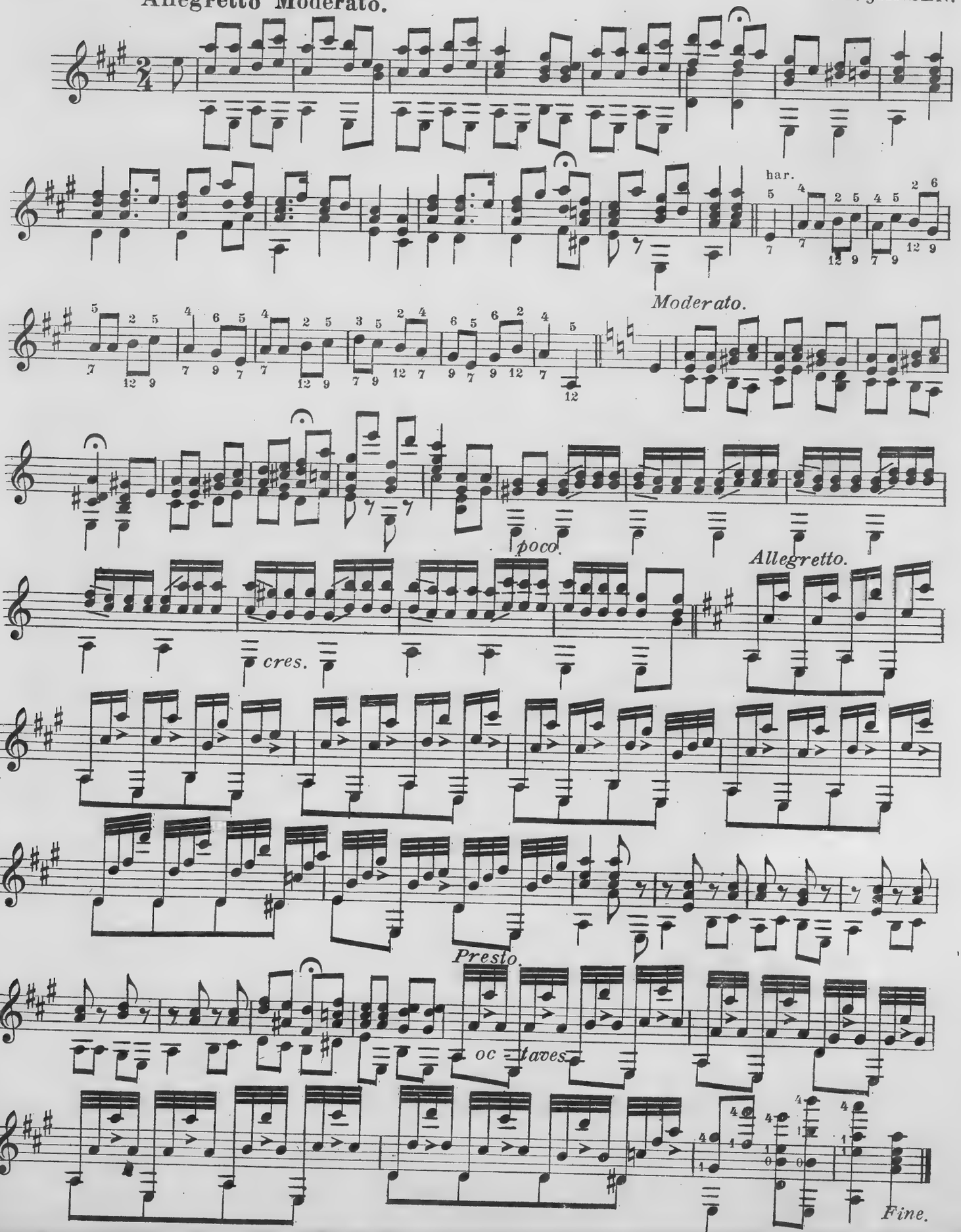
YANKEE DOODLE.

With Variations.

GUITAR SOLO.

C. W. F. JANSEN.

Allegretto Moderato.



No. 8.

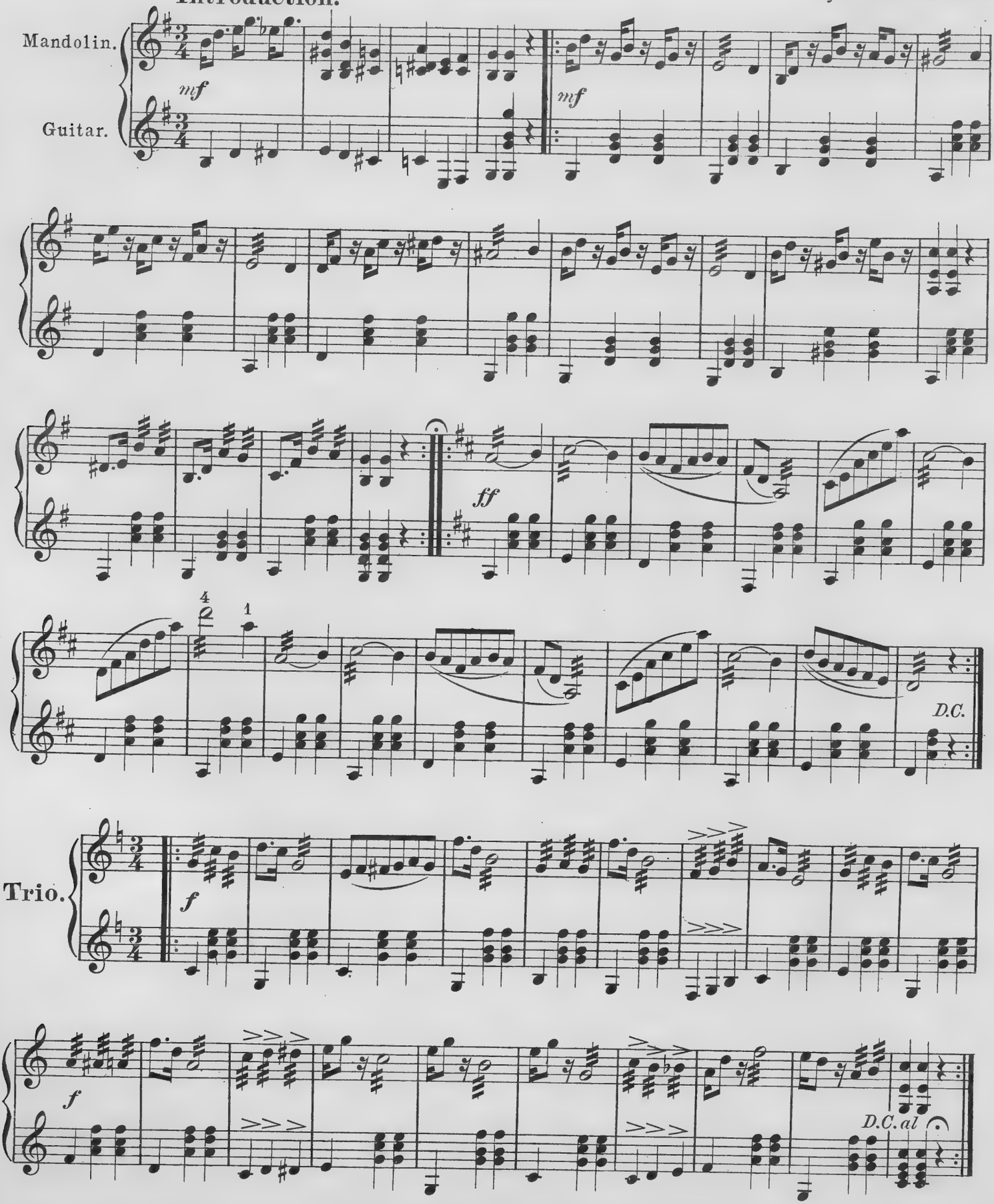
NORWOOD'S NEW MANDOLIN STUDIES.

The Orange Blossoms.

Mazurka.

Introduction.

by W. A. NORWOOD.



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WHEN COLOR IS FORGOTTEN.

(A Study in Black and White.)

STRING SPARKLES.

BY HARMONIOUS DISCORD.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

There! I got the start of you this year, didn't I?

Well, never mind. You can get "square" by sending me a present. Anything will do, except cigars—and handkerchiefs. If you are a gentleman, I mean cigars; if a lady, I refer only to handkerchiefs.

Everybody around our office is wearing a smile a yard long. I never saw the editor so good-natured before since I came to sharpen the scissors for him. Yesterday he even condescended to laugh at one of my little jokes and to say that I might come in handy once in a while. Jeohosophat! do you know, I'm really beginning to like him. Wonder what's made the change in him? CHRISTMAS? Think so? Well! well! What *won't* Christmas do, anyway?

Enthusiasm.

Since the days when the language of Aristophane's frogs was written down as "brekekekex," there have always been literal translators of the voices of animals. We know the exact expressions used by some kinds of jabbering apes, by the braying donkey, the garrulous barnyard fowl, the mud-wallowing hog and a few other "odd and ends." Now a new and important addition to animal philology has been discovered by a Frenchman. In searching through some archæological works, he has found that as long ago as 1848 a brother French servant transcribed the song of the nightingale as follows:

Timi, Timi, Timi, Tian,
Spretu, Zcua, btd,
Querree, pi, pi,
Tio, tio, tix, xuto,
Quito, quito, quito, quito,
Zquo, zquo, st, st, st,
Zi, zi, zi, zi, zi, zi,
Querrer, uhgtz, uhgtz,
Pi, pi, pieto, qui!

If my readers will be so thoughtful as to make a memorandum of this in their note books, and follow it as a score when next they come across a real nightingale, they will be able to give such a close transcription of his song that he may be easily captured. This method is away ahead of salt, and as the words are so easily learned and repeated, one reading will imprint it upon your memories forever.

One day Panseron, the composer, while riding in a cab, beheld Cherubini trotting along the pavement beneath a small, dilapitated umbrella in a pelting rain.

Panseron stopped the cab and addressing the illustrious director of the Conservatoire, cried: "Monsieur Cherubini! Monsieur Cherubini! please take my cab; you are dripping wet, and at your age this will not do."

Cherubini, thinking, no doubt, that Panseron was right, thanked him and hastily entered the vehicle which had been so generousiy placed at his disposal.

Panseron was now on the pavement receiving the rain, which fell in torrents. "My dear master," he said to Cherubini, "now that you are safe in the cab, would you be kind enough to lend me your umbrella? You see the rain is coming down fast."

Whereupon the celebrated composer of the "Requiem," giving the order to drive on, answered: "Impossible, my dear sir, you know borrowed umbrellas are never returned."

AN ODD VIOLIN.

A unique violin has been made by a Missouri man. The back is cherry, from a table more than a century old, which formerly belonged to the Howard-Payne College. In the center of the back are inserted twenty-one pieces of wood from the Holy Land, one being from a grapevine that grew in the Garden of Gethsemane. Around the margin are set in a row small pieces of wood, diamond shaped, gathered from all over the civilized world. In one end is the image of a rabbit, carved in cherry. There are, in all, over one hundred and fifty pieces of wood, and the only tools used in the manufacture of the instrument were a pocket-knife and a half-inch chisel.—*Music Trades.*

SCHUMANN.—Aim ever at becoming a greater and greater artist; everything else comes to you of itself.

GOETHE.—Don't be afraid of becoming too clever. There is no fear that the trees will grow into the sky.

SHELLEY'S GUITAR.

A REMINISCENCE OF ENGLAND'S MOST SENSITIVE POET.

THOSE of our readers who have visited Oxford cannot have failed to be struck by the numerous reminiscences of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Although the life of the bard at the ancient seat of learning was brief, it is certain that he left a lasting impression in the University—not from his alleged disgrace and expulsion, but by his extraordinary, though perhaps often misapplied, genius.

The sublimity of Shelley's writings must appeal to all artistic minds, and in spite of his philosophy and heterodox ideas, his poems are full of deep emotion. No matter what his theme, he seems to penetrate the very soul of his subject. He follows the flight of the swallow as she soars into the heavens, and yet stoops to notice the progress and growth of the tender plant.

Whether Shelley was a Troubadour, so far as instrumental music is concerned, we are unable to say. That his sympathies were with the tonal art is undoubted, for his poems breathe the sublimest air of music. It is quite apparent that he fully appreciated the beauties of the guitar; and although we have no authentic evidence to support our statement, we are convinced that he must have played the instrument.

In his poem "With a Guitar," Shelley has uttered such sentiments as only one who was able to gratify the desire for its music could express. In it he has shown his passion for the instrument which had the power to speak in the language that he knew so well.

It is no matter for wonder that such a mind for romance as Shelley possessed should have been captivated by the delicate strains of the guitar—and we can but regret that he has not spoken to us through the sister art of music with his favorite instrument as the medium.

Probably Shelley's residence in Italy brought the instrument more prominently before him, and no doubt the land of vintage gave birth to his enthusiasm for it. We can imagine the inspired bard revelling in the dulcet sounds of the guitar in the sunny south, where he spent his sadly erratic, though short, life until his untimely and lamentable death.

At Oxford many relics of the poet may be seen and among them the instrument known as Shelley's guitar, which is carefully preserved in the Bodleian library. A brief description of it may interest our readers. The sound-board is unpolished pine, overlaid with rosewood ornamentation. Eleven rows of red, black, yellow and green purfling border the table and run along the finger-board and around the sound hole, with a broad black purfling inserted on the outside.

The bridge is square with a thin border of ivory.

The eleventh fret is placed at the end of the neck, the twelfth being on the sound-board. There are eighteen frets in all. The peg-head has regulating screws.

The instrument is in a curiously made case, painted in imitation of a fancy wood.

There is an inscription by the side of the instrument as follows:

"The Guitar given by Shelley to Miss Jane Williams, and forming the subject of one of his poems. Presented to the Bodleian on June 21st, 1898, by Edward Augustus Silshee, of Salem, Massachusetts, an ardent admirer of Shelley's genius."—*The Troubadour.*

OLD NICK AND SAINT NICK.

(Continued from page 271.)

Old Nick clutched his collar as though it were choking him; he fairly frothed at the mouth; his face was drawn and knotted into a thousand horrible, torturing wrinkles, and his eyes rolled like a ship in a storm.

"And lastly," continued Saint Nick, "you must guarantee that there shall be no more contention—no more professional jealousy—among the music teachers of the United Kingdom. This—"

But the little fat fellow never got any further. There was a shriek, a vision of vanishing coat-tails, a crash of glass, and the stranger had disappeared through the wikdow, leaving no trace behind except a faint odor of sulphur and a torrid atmosphere.

And that is the reason Saint Nick has never gone on a "strike." He is willing for the bargain to be closed. Are you?

AMONG THE ARTISTS.

Respecting Valentine Abt's recital at Greenfield, Mass., on Nov. 16th, Mr. Myron A. Bickford, who played all of Mr. Abt's accompaniments, and under whose direction the musicale was given, writes that the great exponent of the mandolin was enthusiastically received, as was also the club. Mr. Bickford had especially arranged the three selections given. We take pleasure in reproducing the program :

1 Company L March, ... *Bickford.*
Ideal Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club.

2 Extract from "The Rivals," . . . *Sheridan.*
Introducing Fagg, a servant, Captain Absolute and Sir Anthony Absolute.
Paul H. Mann.

3 *a* Faust Fantasie, ... *Gounod-Alaad.*
b Cradle Song, ... *Hauser.*
c Annie Laurie—varied.
Valentine Abt.

4 Expectancy, ... *Dudley Buck.*
Mrs. W. J. Bolton.

5 *a* Manzanillo, Danza Mexicana, ... *Robyn.*
b Tripping Thro' the Meadow, ... *Farland.*
Myron A. Bickford.

6 "Bonnie Scotland" Grand March, . . *Kennedy.*
Ideal Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club.

7 Perpetuum Mobile, ... *Ries.*
Valentine Abt.

8 Memoria, ... *Lynes.*
Mrs. W. J. Bolton.

9 Reading, ... *Selected.*
Paul H. Mann.

10 *a* Fantasia, ... *Abt.*
b Serenade Badine, ... *Gabriel-Marie.*
c Slumber On, ... *Abt.*
d Valse Brilliant, ... *Abt.*
Valentine Abt.

11 The Blue and the Gray, ... *Dresser.*
Introducing "The Sousa Girl."
Ideal Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club.

There are many persons who think that the banjo has no right to an existence except in the negro quarters; and, indeed it is the last instrument anyone would select for an evening's entertainment along the higher lines of musical expression. But Alfred A. Farland, who gave a recital last night at the St. Cecilia Auditorium, made his audience think they had never heard a banjo before. The old familiar "twang" was conspicuous by its absence, and in its place were tinkles, ripples, and deep, harp-like intonations which fairly bewildered the listener. In the second number especially, the familiar Hauser "Cradle Song," the tonal effects and shading were such as the most artistic violinist might be proud to produce. This was altogether the most impressive number of the evening, but in the allegro vivace movement from "William Tell" and the Paderewski "Minuet a l'Antique" the fingering and general technique were masterly. Mr. Farland seems to have a happy faculty at adaptation, as in his variations of familiar airs, of which he played a number, the runs and modulations were not of the hackneyed type, but seemed like tinkling fancies which played about the tune without interfering with its movement. The brighter movement of one of the Mendelssohn concertos concluded the program, which was a delight to all listeners from beginning to end.—*Evening Press, Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 21, 1900.*

MONKS ENJOYING ADE'S FABLES.

A man who had formerly been very wicked and lived on the South Side, suddenly turned pious at a revival meeting in the Gospel Tent, and wishing to withdraw from the distracting scenes of the world and Chicago, resolved to enter a Monastery. He figured that asceticism and devotional exercises would afford him more happiness than hustling for a full dinner pail at a dollar a day and find himself. So he enquired all around for the bell pull of a first class Monastery, but was unable to find the address of any. There were plenty of Nunneries and Convents all over the city, but being a man he had no pull on any of these. Some told him it was the Penitentiary he was looking for, but he knew better than that. He mistook the Pullman building for a Monastery, probably because it was a Sky-Scraper and advertised Sleep for sale, at so much a berth. But the agent told him he had better go to Jacksonville, where the State Asylum for the Insane is located. Being a man of indomitable purpose, swerving for no obstacles, he stuck to it until he was misdirected to the cemetery, arriving at which he wandered about until he met the sexton, to whom he confied his purpose. The sexton, who was a man of smart parts, up to snuff and always looking for a joke, asked if he wished to be "Dead to the world."

"Indeed do I," said the misguided misanthrope.

"Well, you will never be deader to the world than right here," said the sexton, "but first you better commit suicide and get a Burial Certificate from the Coroner, as no live people are allowed to live here."

"But I don't want to die to live anywhere," protested the would-be Monk, "I want to be dead to the world and yet live."

"Then you better buy a ticket for Philadelphia," grinned the grave digger.

The man who had once been bad, (being an Englishman), never was able to see the point of this joke, and is still hunting for a Monastery.

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(It is fully Alive, nothing Dead to the world about it.)

As told by Mrs. Saint Nick to the Editor.

I SUPPOSE there are not six people in the whole world who know that in the center of the open sea which surrounds the North Pole, is a little island of ice on which is located Saint Nick's immense toy factory. He has taken such elaborate pains to guard against all intruders that he was almost dumb with surprise one morning a few days ago to see a total stranger step into his office, where he keeps all of his names in great brown ledgers, while his good wife, Mrs. Saint Nick, does the housework.

This visitor had a free and easy way, an insinuating smile, and possessed a very respectable appearance in general. He wore a very high fur cap, was smoking a cigarette, while a card-board collar, checkered with hearts, diamonds, queens, kings and clubs, encircled his darkly colored neck. The end of a whisky-flask showed out of his overcoat pocket.

"Bless my soul!" thought the jolly old gentleman—or at least he could not recall afterward that he did more than think it to himself—"Bless my soul! whom have we here? Is this a newspaper correspondent, or an American globe-trotter, or a life-insurance agent, or a soap advertiser, or what?"

"Not a bit of it," said the stranger, with alacrity, and his breath struck Saint Nick like the blast from a furnace. "My dear sir, I am none of these things. I am simply a walking delegate."

"Indeed!" said Saint Nick. "I don't suppose you object to sitting down, though, once in a while," and he offered his caller a chair, which he lost no time in taking.

"I am a walking delegate from the Consolidated Fraternity of Toilers. I was chosen especially for this mission because of the fact that I am a near relative of yours and bear the same name—so to speak." Here the olive-complexioned stranger grinned. A ghastly grin it was, too.

"You astound me," said the little fat man, rubbing his glasses to make sure he heard aright. "I didn't know any of my family survived except Mrs. Saint Nick and myself. I can hardly credit ——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted the other, shoving the bottle further down in his pocket, "my branch of the family is quite a distant one, and dwells in a hot clime, while yours has chosen this wretchedly cold country. I am unused to such weather, and even in the overcoat and fur cap I am shivvering. But to my business. The Consolidated Fraternity of Toilers has ordered a general strike in all kinds of factories. The order has been conveyed to all countries. Your manufactory is the only one now running, and we order you to suspend operations at once—at once, sir!"

Saint Nick dropped his glasses in his astonishment. "Why, w-what? What's the matter? Wha-a-t have I done? Has my wife been talking again?"

"I know nothing about your wife, but suppose she has been talking. They all do; so does mine. But what have you done? Why, you have been paying your workmen ssarvation wages. You are grinding them down to penury. You have threatened them with discharge if they didn't vote for McKinley. You ——"

"But bless my soul, sir," protested the fat little man, "I don't pay any wages. We don't have any wage system. We are a co-operative concern."

"In that case," replied the stranger with the hot breath, "you will surely join us in our efforts to break the steel shackles of monopoly that are binding others down, so they cannot buy whisky, beer, tobacco, playing-cards, or anything else. you are one of us. Allow me to shake your hand. You will make a worthy member of the Fraternity. You know all abont the wrongs inflicted by the rich, and will prove a most valuable member to aid us in carrying out the strike."

"But I don't exactly understand," said Saint Nick, gathering up his glasses.

"You don't? Then listen to me. How long have you been running this factory?"

"I don't know, exactly. Over a thousand years, I guess."

"Yes—I dare say. All this time you and your wife have been hard at work turning out Christmas presents for other people's youngsters. Now, tell me how many of these people ever gave you a single Christmas present in return?"

"Well, I declare!" burst out the little fat fellow, running his hand through his long, white whiskers, "I never thought of that before. Ha! Hum! That *does* begin to look bad, surely."

The stranger's face tried to look cheerful, but it was a sad failure.

"I should say so," said he. "There are men in this country who could buy and sell you out every day in the year, and yet they expect you to keep on drudging for their benefit, and they never think of giving you anything in return."

"I really believe there is some truth in what you say," observed Saint Nick. "I never thought of that before. It looks as if I were a much-abused man and my little wife a much-abused woman."

"Of course—of course!" and Saint Nick had to turn away his face to dodge the hot breath of his visitor, which had so warmed the room that some of the wax dolls which his wife had just finished, were beginning to melt, and Saint Nick himself felt that his furs would suffocate him. He was trying to think where his seersucker suit was when the stranger continued.

"Now, of course you'll join us in the strike?" he asked.

Saint Nick would probably have promised to join the Consolidated Fraternity of Toilers in another moment, but for an unforseen interruption. It happened that Blixen, one of his reindeer, had broken loose from his fastenings in the stable near by, and in the exuberance of his spirits had taken a flying trip to the roof. Here his hoofs made such a clatter that the sallow-complexioned stranger turned livid in the face. And when the playful Blixen made a dash at the chimney, and the next moment came sailing down in the same way he and the other reindeer of old little Saint Nick did when at Christmas time their master drove them to the homes of all the good little boys and girls, the loud noise that Blixen made this last time so frightened the stranger that he gave one mad jump over the table and started for the window.

As he did so, his coat-tails flapped in the air, and a long tail, which had been kept curled up out of sight, came to view. His high fur cap fell off, and disclosed a short pair of horns on the sides of his head. And then little Saint Nick knew that his visitor was Old Nick himself. He was very much amazed, but resolved for the present not to let on that he had recognized the dark-complexioned stranger. So he said:

"Don't be frightened, sir. It is nothing but one of my reindeer in a joyful mood. Pray do not let it disturb you."

Old Nick, the rascal, who had been palming himself off as an honest workman and a delegate for the good of other workmen, picked up his high cap quickly and set it on his head. He resumed his seat, looking rather crest-fallen.

"You asked me," said Saint Nick, "to join you in a strike. I will promise to do it with all my heart. Shall we shake hands on it?"

Old Nick could hardly believe his ears. He supposed that Saint Nick had found him out, but now concluded that he had not, and jumping up with what was intended for a smile, he proffered a long, dark, sinuous hand for the little fat man to shake.

But Saint Nick was slow to take it.

"You must understand first," said Saint Nick, with his little grey eyes twinkling, "what the agreement means. You are to strike, too."

"Oh, of course," said Old Nick in a rather doubtful tone.

"Yes—oh, of course," said Saint Nick, emphatically. "You must stop your own work, too—shut up your shop, quit all your deviltry and let the world alone, particularly boys and young men."

"Oh, of—of course!" said Old Nick, but in a very faint voice.

"What is more," went on Saint Nick, "you must order all your employees and agents to stop their work at once—at once, sir!"

Old Nick fell back in his chair with the cold sweat breaking out on his forehead.

"You must recall all your imps," said little fat Saint Nick, "and let the fires down in your country all go out."

Old Nick fidgeted about in his chair like a worm on a fish-hook. He arose, twisted his arms around nervously, and sat down again.

"You must stop your agents from distilling hatred and envy and greed in the hearts of men and women."

Old Nick gurgled.

"You must order your agents to shut up all their saloons and to forbid the manufacture of either liquor or tobacco."

Old Nick's hands went first convulsively to the cigarette in this mouth and then to the flask in his overcoat pocket. He was trembling like a leaf in the wind.

"You must order every gambling and opium den closed for all time."

(Concluded on page 268.)

D. ELDRED WOOD.
KALAMAZOO, MICH.

THRUMMINGS AND STRUMMINGS.

The current value of Stradivarius violins in European trade centers is said to range from $400 to $4,000. In Stradivarius' own time one Cervetto, of London, received a consignment of the master's instruments which he was commissioned to sell at $20 apiece, but he was obliged to send them back, as no Englishman at that time would buy them at any such figure.

Among the odd habits of Rubinstein, the oddest, perhaps, was that he always exchanged his summer and winter clothes on a fixed date, regardless of the weather. He never allowed a tailor to take his measure, but simply gave him an old suit as a model. He never went into a store to buy anything, and he always got up at eight o'clock, no matter at what hour he had retired.

Writing of one of his concerts in London, in 1829, Mendelssohn says: "The concert for the Silesians was magnificent, the best of the season. Ladies were even scattered around among the double basses. When I came into the orchestra, the Johnston ladies, who had a place between the bassoon and the bass-horn, asked me if it were a *good place to hear.*"

The story is told that once when that charming pianist, Clara Schumann, gave a piano recital, an enthusiastic old gentlemen was seated next to one whose extreme calm irritated him greatly. After each number the old gentleman applauded vigorously and glared furiously at the man beside him, who looked pleased but who never raised a finger. At last Mme. Schumann fairly outdid herself and the old gentleman with cries of "Brava! Brava!" slapped the quiet man on the shoulder saying, "You have not sense enough to appreciate that woman's playing. Why don't you get out?" "Oh yes I have," quietly answered the calm man. "Then why on earth don't you applaud instead of setting there like a log?" "Well, I don't like to," answered Robert Schumann, "she is my wife; but I thank you for your sincere and hearty appreciation."

Now is the appropriate time for some one to tell the anecdote of the little girl who, during a thunderstorm, asked if they were having music in heaven. Upon being answered in the affirmative, she sighed: "Well, I guess Wagner must be leading the orchestra."

Little Edith had just been to church for the first time—

"And what did you think of it?" asked her mother.

"I didn't like the organ very well," she replied.

"Why not?"

"'Tause there wasn't any monkey with it."

Josiah.—"I noticed a powerful smell of smoke in church; did you?"

Mandy.—"Law, Josiah! don't you know all these city churches use pipe organs?"

Mr. J. M. d'Almada Remedios, 29 Caine Road, Hong Kong, China, is an appreciative subscriber of THE MAJOR, and a banjoist of some ability. Mr. Remedios is much interested in American publications, and endeavors to keep up to date in banjo matters.

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Walter Jacobs, Pub., Boston, Mass.

UNCLE HIRAM'S MOUSTACHE CUP.

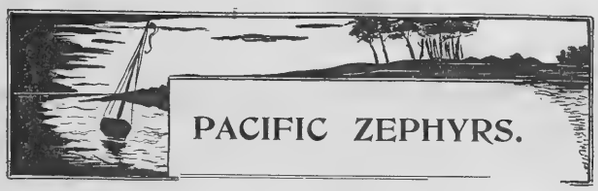
BY C. C. F.

Christmas came to Uncle Hiram,
And his niece, 'way up in town,
Made his heart feel very joyous
By a gift she sent him down.

'Twas a china cup, most gorgeous,
"Love the Giver" in gold and blue;
And on one side was a fixture
Uncle Hi' could not see through.

When that cup was full of coffee,
Uncle Hiram stirred with pride;
Then he put his spoon right in this
Queer arrangement on one side.

"Gee-mun-ee!" cried Uncle Hiram—
"Don't thet git ye, Aunt Mari'?
Here's a rack ter stick my spoon in,
Soze it won't jab me in the eye!"



San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 21st, 1900.

"Well, here we are again," as the clown says in the pantomime. Christmas is with us once more, or soon will be, anyway. Here is where we get the bulge on our Eastern neighbors—no frost, snow or ice here in California, (except what the ice-man brings us.) Santa Claus goes around here without his furs and umbrella; if he came in the day-time he might carry a parasol to keep the sun off. I have been told that he is going to bring a good big stock of mandolins, banjos and guitars this year for the good boys and girls. Then the teachers will be in clover, for old Santa can't stay and teach how to play them. Business is pretty brisk at present; I hear good reports from most of the local teachers. For myself, I have been obliged to move to a larger place, and have nothing to complain about. Hoping every one else is doing as well, and wishing all our readers a Merry and Happy Christmas, I remain,

Yours musically,

Walter Clarkson.

Speaking of banjos reminds me that we have an embryo Farland here in San Francisco. His name is David B. Torress, and he is a pupil of the well-known Prof. Chas. F. Graeber. Mr. Torress played at a church fair up in Novato last month, and to say that he surprised his audience would be drawing it mild; he simply "paralyzed 'em." He was also sent for to play in Healdsburg, at the Grand Opera House, and from there went to Santa Rosa to fulfill a similar engagement. His name is beginning to be known all over the State. Let Farland look to his laurels.

Prof. E. T. Appleby has returned to town, after an extended trip up North. He organized a banjo club some time ago, and took a trip through the Northern States as far as Alaska, and brings back a full pocketbook with him as proof of his popularity.

Spruce Camp, No. 132, Woodmen of the World, gave an enjoyable minstrel and variety entertainment on Oct. 19th., at Armory Hall, Alameda. Among other numbers, the Apollo Mandolin and Guitar Club deserve special mention. This club is steadily improving under the leadership of Mr. Ticknor, and we hope to hear of them playing more frequently in the future.

The Venetian Ladies' Mandolin Orchestra, of world-wide fame, are delighting hundreds of people nightly at the Pabst Cafe, in this city. When played by artists like these, the mandolin becomes almost on the same level as the violin. No one could call it a "toy" instrument, after hearing one of their classical selections. We wish them a long stay.

Walter Clarkson's Mandolin and Guitar Club played several selections at an entertainment given by the "American Guild," at Red Men's Hall, Oct. 26th. This club is rapidly coming into favor, and bids fair to be the champion amateur club of the Coast.

The Stanford University and the University of California gave a joint entertainment in Golden Gate Hall, Oct. 26th. The Mandolin and Glee clubs of the two colleges played some excellent selections, and showed a decided improvement since we heard them last.

Prof. Graeber's Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar Club played at an entertainment given by the Maccabees, at Pioneer Hall, Oct. 25th, and acquitted themselves in their usual brilliant style. They also took part in a benefit concert at Union Square Hall, Sept. 5th., and were tendered quite an ovation. Walter Clarkson.

Valentine Abt, the great mandolinist, will again visit Southern California next March. This time he has been re-engaged by the Throop Mandolin and Guitar Club, of Pasadena, California, to be their sololist on their annual spring tour. The club will have a private car and play at all the important Southern California cities.

The rector had just finished an unusually long, dry sermon, and over the faces of his congregation a smile flitted, as the choir sang, with more energy than harmony, "Hallelujah! 'Tis Done!"

THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC,

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

THE preparatory work for the Pan-American Exposition, which is expected to attract a million visitors to Buffalo between May 1st and Nov. 1st, next year, is progressing rapidly. The Temple of Music building is one of the chief architectural beauties of the Exposition. Music lovers will naturally wend their way to this building very soon after arrival upon the grounds, and both here and from the band stands in the great Esplanade and in the Plaza they will always find some entertainment in progress which will appeal to their love of musical art. The Music Temple is well along toward completion. Its architecture is a free treatment of the Spanish Renaissance, it being octagonal in form, with pavilions at the corners. The grand entrance is at the corner of the Esplanade and Court of Fountains, the spacious courts upon which most of the principal buildings of the Exposition have their frontage. The cornice and balustrade are of elaborate composition, the latter bearing names familiar to the musical world. The interior of the temple will be particularly fine in its sculptural and color decorations.

The exterior of the building will be ornate in architectural features and groups of sculpture designed to illustrate the purpose and character of the building. A dome whose crown is 136 feet above grade, and whose interior is brilliant with golden tints and other rich hues, gives an imposing finish to the structure. Star-shaped windows in the drum of the dome admit abundant light to the large auditorium. This will seat 1,200 persons, and with the additional seating capacity afforded in the balconies fully 2,000 persons can be accommodated.

The decorations of the interior will illustrate such subjects as the grand divisions of music, oratorio, grand opera, symphonic music, etc. The sculpture, by some of the most noted sculptors in America, will typify such subjects as religious music, lyric music, gay music, heroic music, etc.

The great organ for the Temple of Music, which is to cost $10,000, is under construction, and already there is much eagerness among the leading organists of the United States to have the privilege of playing upon it during the Exposition. Two recitals by prominent exponents of this branch of musical art will be given each day. Concerts by the leading instrumental organizations of America and Europe will be given every day during the progress of the Exposition in the Music Temple and from the band stands in the Plaza, Esplanade and other parts of the grounds. Among the bands which will be heard at the Exposition are Sousa's, Hecker's, Fanciulli's and others.

A PRIZE FOR AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

For the purpose of encouraging original effort in musical composition by American composers, the New England Conservatory offers $1,000 in prizes for the best two original compositions.

The first prize, $600, will be awarded for the best work for chorus, solos, and orchestra, with English text, limited to four solo parts, the time of performance to be about one hour, and either sacred or secular in character. The work may be in the form of a one-act opera. The second prize, $400, will be awarded for the best symphonic work for orchestra alone, the time of performance to be about thirty minutes.

The works sent in composition must be absolutely new to the public. A pianoforte score and full orchestral score of the choral work must be furnished. The composer must also furnish correct and complete orchestral parts in case the Conservatory arranges to give a public performance of the work. The competition is open to all composers resident for five years in the United States, and must be sent in before April 1, 1901.

A violin valued at $800 and two bows worth $65, which were stolen from Paul Listemann, the well-known violin teacher, while playing at a concert in St. Ann's Parish House, last Wednesday night, have been recovered in a pawn shop by the police of New York city.

The Listemann violin is 160 years old and has long been in the Listemann family. The recovery of the instrument and bows is a source of extreme pleasure to Mr. Listemann.

SCHROEDER, THE 'CELLIST.

Alwin Schroeder, the violincellist, who is acknowledged as at the head of his profession and the most admired soloist on his instrument in the country, comes of an eminent musical family of Germany. He began his career as a pianist, then took up the violin, and finally settled on the 'cello as his favorite instrument. For the last nine years he has been connected with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and is a prominent member of the Kneisel Quartet.

On Nov. 26th Mr. Schroeder celebrated by a concert in Boston the 25th anniversary of his first public appearance, when he was assisted by Gericke, Barth, Adamowski and Keller. The program included a suite by Bach, a concerto by Homberg, a fantasia by Servais, and several pieces for four violincellos. A great deal of interest was felt in this affair and the advance sales both in New York and in Boston assured its financial success.

THE GUITAR IN PORTUGAL.

In Portugal men play upon the guitar as naturally as the Yankees whistle. The peasants are universally given to the instrument, chiefly as an accomplishment to the voice. In towns and villages the artisans are often expert guitar players, and walk in groups to and from their work, enlivening the journey with music and song. The carpenter who comes to your house to execute a small job brings his guitar with his tools, and the blacksmith is a far better performer on the guitar than on the anvil. When the Portuguese day laborer or workman has finished his long day's toil, he does not hie him to a wine shop to squander the few cents he has earned; he does not even lean against a post and smoke or whittle a stick while swapping yarns with his fellows. If he did not bring his guitar with him he goes straight home and gets it, rests and comforts himself with the music while supper is being prepared. Afterwards he spends the evening singing doggerel songs to a strumming accompaniment.—*Music.*

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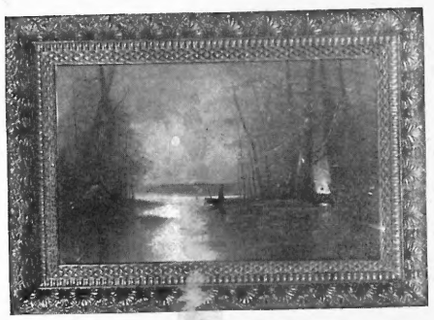

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